

good for such news to us as we had

not

and in the course of a few moments

he had

and

slipping, as it were, in the shadows. It was the old name of Trevoise.

Hugh Hatterick, however, did not notice him. He was too intent upon his own thoughts.

At length, after a sleepless night at the inn, the entrance of the coach was announced, and Hugh Hatterick, who had a slight regard for his son if not for himself, sat down, smiling, the eyes of his son had turned into the calmest eyes of repose.

A moment later, the form of the son entered the room, and after one glance round, also drew down like his predecessor, and was soon lost to view.

He had not discontinued many minutes before the coachman began to make their appearance, and by one and a half length the carriage had been filled, and the curtains screened his features.

"The money, intended? Impossible!" gasped Sir Digby, who leaned back, pale and shivering.

"It is a picture-book scene enough for any one to see who knew not their desperate characters, for the light of the red torches fell brilliantly on their varicolored dresses, and their bronzed faces, and their glittering weapons, and on Hugh Hatterick more especially, standing in the centre of the bright light, with a heap of gold by his side.

"My friends," he cried, "are we all here?"

"You, excepting Dick Langham, who has gone to France."

"Good! Then let me tell you that our plan has been sold, and that here is the product, which it is for you to divide equally among you. I have something to say, however. I am going to leave you for a time."

"How is that?" asked Pouncefort.

"I am going to be married," said Hugh Hatterick, jovially; "I am going to marry the pretty daughter of our friend here, Douglas Armstrong, the Harbor-master." All eyes were at once directed towards the spot where Douglas Armstrong sat, with his face half buried in his hands, and his eyes fixed upon the floor.

"He doesn't seem much struck with his son-in-law," was the general thought, though none expressed it.

"Yes. I'm going down into the north," continued Hugh Hatterick, "where she is waiting for me, and I'll be back for a fortnight. Meanwhile, there's nothing to be done. The 'Ocean Wave's' expected here, and several ships, and you must have a leader who'll tell you how to conduct things properly; so, in my absence, I select Pouncefort."

The name was received with acclamation. The selection was a happy one, and it occurred to no jealousy, because each man saw that it was not a choice of a captain for any length of time.

"Good!" cried Hugh Hatterick; "I am glad that you approve of my choice—I am glad that you are pleased with my choice."

"Yes; that is very well," said Sir George, hastily. "That is very well, but I do not like uncertainties, and so I had better tell you at once what I have done. You know that I, rightly or wrongly, have set my mind upon this marriage?"

"I do."

"Even if there were no question of money in the matter I should still wish it; but as an immense property is at stake, I will tell you how I have arranged matters. If your son refuses to marry my daughter, all your property at your death reverts to my daughter in the event of her marrying Richard Langham, my cousin. If she refuses to marry Richard Langham, then he is my heir-at-law, and both Henry and Alice will be penniless on the world. Langham is a hard, unmerciful man of the world, and money is all he will get."

"A hard decision," said Sir Digby.

"A just one, and one that is made," replied Sir George, firmly. "You did not think the decision so hard once, when upon the strength of it I sent you the immense sum which I fear you have used for treasonable purposes. Stay, do not make any demands or revelations. I desire neither. This very night I shall ride over to Trevoise, where my cousin is awaiting me."

"And you are going to Trevoise to-night?"

"Yes, I am resolved to go."

"Shall I not accompany you, or send some one with you? The roads are very dark and dangerous, more especially near the Smuggler's Gap; it runs there on the very edge of the cliff."

"No," cried Sir George, rising; "I desire no escort. My thoughts will be sufficient companions. Good-night."

He extended his hand heartily, and Sir Digby grasped it warmly.

"Good-night, George," he said, "you had better wait till morning. Perhaps, ere then, I could persuade my son not to cast us all upon the tender mercies of Mr. Richard Langham."

"You say you have already made this will?" asked Sir Digby, anxiously.

"Yes; it is done. Everything has been arranged in form, and if I were to die, Richard Langham has all his own way, always excepting one thing, and that is, the union of my daughter and your son."

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Presently the lock yielded—the lid flew open, and the treasure was before him.

But no jewels or coins were there. Only papers and strange bundles packed together.

Instinctively the old man's fingers clutched at them, and raising each to the light, he examined them closely. At length he started back—his eyes dilated—his breath almost failed him.

"Merciful Powers!" he cried, as he looked at a bundle of manuscript, yellow and crumpled, and blood-stained, "am I to be the instrument of justice? By Heaven, Hugh Hatterick, you are in my power at last!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE POWERS OF THE HEIR-AT-LAW.

Sir George Heathcote was for the moment awed, as it were, by the words and the attitude of Henry Hatterick, as he stood upon the terrace of the garden.

"What mean you?" he said. "Do you intend to tell me, certainly, that this French captain has escaped?"

"French is not the word," replied Henry. "He had no reason for escape. He has left England."

"Because, I imagine, that it was best for him to do so," said Sir George.

Then, after a moment's reflection, he added, abruptly.

"But I do not yet believe that he is gone. I shall inquire of your father. Soldiers, no man here for awhile—I will return to you anon."

He saying, he passed into the house, and Henry Hatterick followed him. In the study they found Sir Digby. The baronet looked up in astonishment at his son and his brother-in-law, as they entered his presence thus suddenly.

"How is this, Sir George?" he said. "I am busily engaged at this moment."

"And I, too, Sir Digby. I am in search of a traitor."

"A traitor! And pray who may he be? One might almost fancy, from your words, that it was to me he allied."

"Not so," said Sir George, "not so. I seek one Hubert Rivasole, a captain in the French army. He is accused of being treasonably connected with the Pretender, Charles Edward. He was seen, not long since, standing upon your garden terrace with my daughter, but now my daughter is alone, and you know of his going."

A sign from Henry, told his father what to say.

"Yes," he said, "I know of his going, and he is gone. What then?"

"Then I am outwitted," said Sir George.

"I admit it; but I do not, even now, admit that he has the best of the game. I will wait and watch, Henry," he added, turning to his nephew, "will you damage the men, and say that is no further need of them? Conduct Alice to the drawing-room. I have need of a few words with your father."

Hugh Hatterick bowed, and at once quitted the room. Sir George watched him out, and seated himself near his brother-in-law.

Since he had been at the Grange he had been intensely angry, and had never once mentioned the question of business; but now it was evident, by the very play of his features, that he was determined to arrive at some point or another, no matter what might be the result.

"Digby," he said, "I have been sorely trifled with since I have been here; nay, do not doubt it."

"I do not understand you, nevertheless," said Sir Digby, quickly.

"I will explain," replied Sir George.

"While that French captain was here I did not care to do so; but now that he is gone, I think it my duty to go thoroughly into the matter."

"Do as you, my friend," said Sir Digby. "I will tell you all I can."

"Well," continued Sir George, "you will allow that in the original interview I came down here for the purpose of securing a match between my daughter and your son."

"Correct."

"It was upon the condition of this interview that I told you the enormous sum which I now estimate has been used for political purposes (say, do not doubt it; I do not know the amount.) Were I to tell you entire, and send you and your family off to the world, I should not realize the sum which I have disbursed; but I should be gratified if I had any hope that this union would take place. I have scarcely any hope, say of such an event, and the money will have to be refunded."

"The money, refunded? Impossible!" gasped Sir Digby, who leaned back, pale and shivering.

"Nevertheless, such must be the case," said Sir George, "your son's affections I know nothing of; but I know that, my daughter is betrothed to Captain Hubert Rivasole, and would have fled with him this night had I not arrived opportunely to prevent the elopement. Listen patiently now, and I will tell you all I know on this subject."

Briefly Sir George detailed to his brother-in-law that he had behaved at the old inn, and that also upon the garden terrace, Sir Digby listened intently, and with evident sorrow.

"I regret very much to hear this," he said. "I regret it very much; but yet I could not avoid it. I have not thought it necessary to tell either Henry or Alice. Captain Rivasole is away now from England; during his absence we must endeavor to bring about a union between my son and Alice."

"Yes; yes; that is very well," said Sir George, hastily. "That is very well, but I do not like uncertainties, and so I had better tell you at once what I have done. You know that I, rightly or wrongly, have set my mind upon this marriage?"

"I do."

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95 A Hartford man keeps a bag in which he regularly deposits his car-fare when he walks to and from his place of business, so he now almost always does. The other day at the close of a year, he opened it, and found he had \$100.00. This he put in the savings bank.

If a small boy is called a "lad," it is proper to call a bigger boy a "laddie."

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 11, 1871.

NEW STORY.

We design commencing in the next number of The Post, the following novel:

SKALE THE SCOUT:

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An Indian Story of the Last War with England.

By BURR THORNBURY.

Author of "The Fox Brothers," "Agnes Ape," &c.

This is, we think, one of the finest novels that Mr. Thornbury has written.

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We hope that those of our readers who are in the habit of getting up Clubs for The Post, will try to at least double their old lists. We are hoping to get a good many clubs of 400 subscribers for the coming year—and if the clubs should run up to one thousand, we should not complain. At the present enlarged size of The Post, it is so much cheaper than the other first-class Family papers, that we think it only needs to be had before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands of new patrons. Of course we must depend, in a great degree, upon our present subscribers to show The Post to their friends and neighbors, and speak a good word in our behalf.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WOOD.

The talented author of "East Lynne," "Dame Helene," &c., is now engaged upon a new Serial Story for The Lady's Friend. It is entitled

WITHIN THE MAZE;

on.

LADY ANDINIAN'S TRIAL.

This story will be commenced in the January number of The Lady's Friend, and will run through the year. This, in addition to the numerous other novels and stories which are to appear next year in The Lady's Friend, will, we think, give that magazine a strong position among the periodicals in general expense for the ladies.

The Lady's Friend (\$2.00) and The Post (\$2.50) are sent together for \$4.00 a year. In making up clubs for The Post, the Lady's Friend can be included at the same rates. The matter in the novellas and the paper is always different.

Love and Marriage.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY GIPSY WILDE.

"In there a point where the mood of love conceived by a woman differs from that of man! Yes! A man marries a bride rather than a wife; a woman marries a husband rather than a lover. She settles down into a sort of quiet contentment; he—when the freshness and novelty of the bride has changed to the sober, practical wife, grows indifferent, and seeks other attractions elsewhere.

The above we clip from a magazine, and such paragraphs always do provoke me; I dislike those who make such sweeping declarations; who think an emotion must be true because they assert it, and their scope of observation has proved nothing to the contrary. They forget we do not know—that what may be true of some is not true of all. Some people are so narrow-minded and unadaptable, that they cannot see that the far-stretching plain of the human, is peopled by as many different dispositions as there are leaves on the trees, as many different characters, as there are shades on the moon. There are one set of weak, unattractive fools, who are eternally harping on a woman's inconstancy without making an exception; and there are another set of pretended cynics and sham invulnerables who are constantly talking of women as "plastic, parasite creatures, and as loving man with a far greater devotion than he is capable of." This assertion too, is indiscriminately applied to all.

I deny that a true woman will love a man in spite of his indifference and unworthiness. That woman must be very weak, very silly, very superficial, who can love forever—that most contemptible of all things—a vacillating, unreliable man. Again, there are women who can and do assume an intensity of affection to such perfection, that no man can detect the unreal from the real. She is not always the infatuated being she leads him to believe, neither is she so blind to his faults, so forgetful that he is of the earth, earthy, as his vanity prompts him to think. And there are women too, earnest, honest and truthful, who are constant, where constancy is deserved; who are loyal, because it is just and honorable; who comprehend love in its fullness, beauty, sweetness and earnestness; and there are weak, vain, susceptible men as well as honorable, truthful, reliable and pure-hearted men. How can there be a law for the human heart. How can there be prescribed rules for judging the actions of all. How can there be a standard by which one is justified in making an assertion that applies to all, when no two are alike?

I don't believe that all men marry for a bride, always, or if they do that she comes to be a bride, I do not. I believe that all women marry for a husband alone. There is surely such a thing as constancy in both sexes; there are surely royal hearts and loyal souls in both men and women. The trouble is, there are too few perfect unions; unless there be a union of heart, soul and body, there cannot be truth, loyalty and happiness.

There should be equality in marriage; men too often marry their inferiors; women too often marry inferiors; as long as the eyes are blinded, and the novelty lasts, it is well; but in a short time all is given that can be—all happiness is known that can be known; because in the inferior the charms are limited; the facilities that please require a certain degree, and are exhausted. He or she that has not mental perfection with physical, has no resource when the senses are pleased. There are secret, subtle, high and noble separations in every true man and woman that reach out after the poetical, the ideal and the beauty of the soul; if in married life one lacks in this, to the other life and love becomes an aimless and insipid thing. One must have sympathy. An active mind must have food.

It is folly for a genius to marry a numskull; it is unwise for a delicate, sensitive being to wed a coarse boor; it is absurd for a warm, affectionate nature to unite with a cold indifference; unhappiness is always the result.

The law of life is progress; the human must have exchange; the life of a wedded couple should ever vary, ever requiring that they be over new, and a never-failing source of pleasure. Too often after marriage, amid the other causes, they forget, or neglect the more little winning arts and plemencies that were wont to please; this is why marriage is often a failure.

There are men with true manhood, delicacy and unselfishness of soul, and with knowledge enough of human nature to marry a kindred soul; and there are women with enough of mind, sense and perception, to wed their equal. Such men have a bride all their lives. Such women have a lover all their lives, and the ideal dies not, but as the years grow, merges into a more beautiful real.

... that night, and will save you again, I am sure, but your secret is safe in my hands. Sir Digby pressed his son's hand affectionately. "God bless you, my son," he said "but from the worst evil you cannot save me, because you will not."

"Will not?"

"Aye, will not. I allude to this marriage between yourself and Alice, your cousin upon whom you're much too set so set to him. Alice, as he tells me, is betrothed to him. I am sure that he has aided them, or he would have had no time to help him. Do you forget, Henry, that you're a beggarly awaiting both her and you, if you're not joined in the way you desire."

"Ah! my father," said Henry, "I have more faith in the goodness of your wife than you have in her."

"But what if your uncle died?" said I father, eagerly.

"Under God's Providence, that is very likely—most unlikely," said Henry. "George is a bold and hearty man, and shot accident not befall him, he has many years live."

"But accident may befall him," cried I father. "Even this night he has that himself into needless peril. In the middle darkness he set forth on horseback, and above, towards Treborth. He refused my offers of company and aid, and told his decision—full of his eagerness to one who awaits him there, he has just said."

"I am sure that he is not one who, when he has been defeated in their plan; yet he has quitted the neighborhood, and now deprived of the sweet solace of life, he seemed truly as if now and expected obstacles were rising up before him."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Nov. 11, 1871.]

The night as well have dimmed the out-stretched hand of death. General Hovey was her shadow. At last the morn began to破曉, but still he slept, and Lady Creighton's face whitened and sharpened perceptibly. At last he was the only remaining guest half-pruned and helpless to open.

Again proceeding on old time privilege, Lady Creighton, I have received a quiet word about that Germany in which we both have occasion to feel a deep interest.

I was present for dinner at this point; but women had done the work, and she bowed discreetly.

"Germany," ordered the bevy Beatrice who was hovering near her mother, "O mamma! I can't bear it mentioned without a shudder. That terrible—terrible old—"

"Hush, go!" interrupted Lady Creighton sharply. "It grows late. Those gentlemen will not detain me long, and I will join you."

And again the mother-love fanned in her magnetized eyes as she watched the girl's retreating form. The last fainting thread of white garment lost to her view, she dropped into a faint, motioning us to come after her. The quiet even voice took us by surprise, and also the courage with which she dashed into an evidently-dreaded secret.

"Doubtless you have heard some of the sad details of our residence in Germany, though not the saddest. Nina's madness was a family secret, kept from all save a few faithful friends, and we naturally preferred the solitude of a foreign country for our darling, to the publicity and horrors of a madhouse. In Germany we could guard her with as much as well as loving care."

Hovey's broad chest heaved at that startling mention of madness, which accounted for certain grated windows and iron-bound doors. He replied nonchalantly.

"I heard many things, Lady Creighton—some of which I will tell you. When I was first ordered off to India, I bore with me the hope of winning a sweet girl's love—and I left one in London who had both the will and the power to keep me informed of all concerning the lovely Nina—Sir Robert Creighton's one precious darling. Consequently, I learned in due time that old Sir Robert's heart and hand had been won by a positive Italian widow—that Nina had been gifted with a mother."

"Tramping all obstacles under foot, I returned for a brief visit. I returned to find that my wild idolatry had gained the coveted reward—Nina's love was mine. Besides that I soon found that she was far from happy—that her father's beautiful wife was a terror and dread to her. Though sharing her fears of me, she was still more afraid of me than of any other."

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"Then, Lady Creighton, I learned through the same friend, that Sir Robert had made a new will—and one which was very generally esteemed the work of his peerless wife. Since I was detailing much that you already know, I may state that this will contained a clause, starting in that vast Creighton estate were entailed to Lady Creighton's little child, Beatrice Vina, through his only daughter, Nina, in case the latter should die."

"I was disturbed at this item of English intelligence, for I said to myself, Lady Creighton may—

He paused, and leaned toward the superb creature whose eyes were riveted on his by a hair.

"You look so white and horrified, Lady Creighton; that I fear you do not quite understand," he sneered, with a cold, deadly smile. Then resumed with the same smile, the same icy tones: "I said to myself, Lady Creighton, may be—may be—TEMPTED! Don't my lady! Don't!" he laughed ratherto, as a low cry parted her white lips; "you may the thread of my story, which is still unfinished."

"After a few months I heard that my Nina was in delicate health, and that the peerless Lady Creighton, who was a model step-dame in the world's eyes, had carried the poor darling to Germany, hoping something from change of scene and air. While madly chafing the bit of duty which kept me where I was, the last sad letter reached me. My friend had looked on the white, confined face of my darling, and followed her down to the old Creighton vaults."

"He knew my fears, and voluntarily assured me that no shadow of distrust might touch Lady Creighton's immaculate name. Forcing a belief in this assurance, I remained year after year under Asian suns; for when the dining; Sir Robert followed Nina there was nothing to draw me to England. But, Lady Creighton, and his voice lost the anguished tenderness of the previous minute for the clear nonchalant tones which doomed her at every word, "but, Lady Creighton, after ten years something impelled me to a wanderer's life in Germany; and strangely enough, as I told you earlier in the evening, I tracked your footsteps."

Again he paused, leaning forward, with glittering eye and cold smile.

"My Lady Creighton, permit me to ask you a question. Were the contents of this dainty toy quite harmless?" extending a hand on which lay the crystal flask.

Lady Creighton's lips parted, but no sound drifted across their whiteness, and with another biting laugh he resumed his former attitude of nonchalant ease, and continued:

"The same old trials which your crimson-dipped feet once trod evoked our heavier footsteps; the same frescoed door which your delicate fingers so often touched swung back at our louder "open sesame." My lady, the harp strings were all rusted and broken, but these fine golden strands remained, deathless tokens of the fair being whose graceful head they once adorned. And he suspended the shining threads between Lady Creighton's eyes and the flaming creases."

"Oh heaven! will you never be done?" shudderingly gasped the stricken woman.

"Soon, very soon, my Lady Creighton. Be patient. She was, I know, though her white and shriveled robes pranced fitfully through those old rooms and halls, when we resided, with that ringing, unearthly cry the little frescoed door. He—she knew something of that spirit gone?—something of the trembling feet, the fiendish laughs, the shriveling walls, and the harp strains?" he queried chillingly as Lady Creighton silently raised before her bowed head two disengaged hands with the palms outward.

"Cold!—cold!—Be merciful, cold!" I said, grasping his arm.

He shook me off without a word or look, continuing:

"And, my Lady Creighton, can you believe it?—we saw your very self there before; that little frescoed door? Black satin, all crimson streaked from peerless head to dainty foot you were. My lady, do you love the color of your deeds?" glancing significantly at her velvet robe.

He was, speaking in his own calm, rich tones as he looked down upon her pallid face and shivering form.

"I have now told you something of what I have heard, and will detain you no longer. To-morrow I shall see you again. Lady Creighton must prove her innocence."

And on that morrow he did see her.

We were noiselessly conducted into a dimly-lighted chamber, and up to a couch on which lay a slumped form. The lines were soft and faded away from a face severely marked, but sweet and placid on an instant.

Lady Creighton had appealed to the high-

est power.

"The Task of舜舜—The domestic

CHICAGO.

Blackened and blighted, broken and mangled—
On the charred fragments of her ruined home—
Lie she who stood but yesterday alone.

Queen of the West I by some unknown sought
To let the glory of her former crown,
Then lost the spell that all that wonder wrought.

Like her own pride by some chance and now,
Like her own pride in one brief day grown,
Like her own pride in one short night more,

She left her voice, and in her pleading call—
We hear the cry of Maron to Paul—
The cry for help that makes her his to all.

But happy with wan fingers may she find
The silver cup held in the proffered hand—
The gifts for friendship and our loves reward.

—BRET HARTE.

TWIXT EARTH AND SKY

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

smiles with French delight as he sees Jacques Vina's possession.

The Indian's hand has dried the under-brush and foliage. The Indian sets the under-brush on fire. The trees catch; clouds of smoke and tongues of flame surround the scene.

The men are driven from the summit by the fire-dances. The Indian stands in the burning forest, fearing nothing but his own safety. Jacques Vina falls dying to the earth. The Indian's death-song arises, wildly above the hissing of the flames. In a moment he, too, is dead.

"His anguishing groans are as echoed by the howls of the Indians, and the roar of fire. At last the rope burns asunder, and Jacques Vina falls dying to the earth. The Indian's death-song arises, wildly above the hissing of the flames. In a moment he, too, is dead."

"Is this story really true?" I asked.

"I can't vouch for it," returned Giles, "but I have given it as it came to me."

DAHLIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Giles White was not one of those conventional lecturers and trappers which abound so plentifully in a certain class of light literature.

He was a hunter and trapper of wild animals, but he was not ignorant of everything besides his trade. Although living in the depth of a forest, remote from civilization, he was not uneducated. It is true, he had read but few modern books, but with many of those works which the world is pleased to call classics, he was thoroughly familiar. He used pretty good language, and, though a hunter, he never called a bear a bear!

He never alluded to his own history—but I fancy he had felt some great sorrow, for there was often a sad, far-away look in his eyes, and I do not remember to have ever heard him laugh.

One moonless night when the cheerful blaze of our camp-fire only served to render the dense darkness more visible, Giles White told me the following episode:

"A long while ago, Jacques Vina lived, or rather circulated, in a portion of New York state. He never stayed in one place more than a week at a time. The part he frequented most, was only sparsely inhabited. Jacques Vina had been a smuggler in Brittany, and he was up to all the tricks of his trade, and many more besides. He left his country for his country's good, or rather circulated, in a portion of New York state. He never stayed in one place more than a week at a time. The part he frequented most, was only sparsely inhabited. Jacques Vina had been a smuggler in Brittany, and he was up to all the tricks of his trade, and many more besides. He left his country for his country's good, or rather circulated, in a portion of New York state. He never stayed in one place more than a week at a time. The part he frequented most, was only sparsely inhabited. Jacques Vina had been a smuggler in Brittany, and he was up to all the tricks of his trade, and many more besides. 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WIT AND HUMOR.

Some old Western in a Drug Store.
"How long is a trap? A joke to John is both bad and vulgar, and whenever there is an opportunity for fun, he "gets into" it.
John was recently in a drug store, when a customer, evidently fresh from the "mountains," asked the salesmen, and of course answered him, stating that he was in search of a job.
"What kind of a job?" inquired the wag.
"Oh, almost anything—I want to get a kind of a general job; I'm tired of farming; and I can't find my hand to almost anything."
"Well, we want a man—a good, strong, healthy man, as sample chief."
"What's the wages?"

"Wages are good; we pay \$1000 to a man like that."

"What's a fellow got to do?"

"Oh, mostly to test medicine, that's all. It requires a short man, one of good constitution—and after he gets used to it, he doesn't mind it. You see, we are very particular about the quality of our medicine, and before we test any, we test every powder. We would be required to taste every, sit or some amount of certain oil and powder, with a few drops of vinegar, about seven oil, and similar preparation. Some days you would not be required to test anything; but as a general rule, you can expect upon—say in six days to have a taste of something daily. As to the work, that does not amount to much—the testing department, simply, would be the general labor required of oil, and I tell you, it is a person's power of very healthy organism to endure it—but you look healthy, and I guess you would suit us. That young man (pointing to a very pale-faced, thin-looking youth, who happened to be present) had had the post the past two weeks, but he is hardly strong enough to stand it. We should like to have you take right hold, if you are ready—and if you say so, we'll have you today. Here is a new barrel of one oil just come in; I'll go and draw an amount."

Here verdant, who had been gazing intently upon the slim youth, interrupted him with a smile.
"No, no, I g-a-e-s not, not to-day, anyhow. I'll go down and see my aunt; and if I want to come, I'll come up to-morrow and let you know."

He had not yet turned up.

TRADE WITH A MONKEY.

Monkeys are scarce in Michigan. A soldier in Detroit kept one for a pet, who usually sat on the counter. A countryman came in one day, the proprietor being in a back room. The customer, seeing a saddle that suited him, asked the price.

Monkey said nothing.
Customer said, "I'll give you twenty dollars for it," laying down the money, which the monkey shoved into the drawer. The man then took the saddle, but monkey mounted him, tore his hair, scratched his face, and the frightened customer screamed for dear life. Proprietor rushed in and wanted to know what's the fuss.

"Fuss?" said the customer, "fuss? I bought a saddle of your son sitting there, and when I went to take it he wouldn't let me have it."

The saddler apologized for the monkey, but assured him that he was no relation.

HIGH FOND OF THE WIDOWS.
The following story is related of an old man of strict creed and high moral standing in a community near this city. It is said that immediately following the death of his third wife he donned his coat and hat, and with a smiling face that indicated no thought of a failure, summoned a widow lady living in the neighborhood to the door and announced the news to her thus: "Good-mornin', ma'am, I've 'round tellin' folks how my old woman's dead. Don't know for certain that I shall get married again. You are aware, however (with a knowing wink), that I'm mighty fond of the widows." His fourth marriage has been placed on record.—*Asbury H. T. Telegraph.*

FOOT AND PARSONS.

The following fresh titbits from an English party is not bad:

I was one morning overtaken by an active, bold old fellow, who had been a soldier and seen a great deal of service, but was at the time a river-barge man. In our journey we passed a directing post, with arms in good condition, and containing full information. "Do we know what that is?" said my companion.

"A directing post, of course."
"I call it a parson."
"A parson? Why?"

"Cause we tell it the way, but don't go." Before we separated we passed another post, which was very much disfigured, and had lost its arms.

"If that post we saw just now was a parson," said I, "what's this one?"

"Oh, he's a bishop."

"Explains."

"He neither tells nor goes."

A nervous fellow with a box of matches in his pocket, lay down on the sidewalk in Myrtlewood, the other day, to enjoy a quiet smoke. While rolling over in his sleep the matches took fire. Awakening, he snuffed the air suspiciously, snuffing the burning brimstone, and ejaculated, "Just as I expected, in 'other place (hic) by hokay."

A young lad, with a very pretty foot, but a rather large ankle, won into a San Francisco shoe store to be measured. The admiring clerk, who is of Gallic extraction, complimented her in the following queer way: "Madam, you are beautiful foot, but as leg commence too immediately."

A DANDY of twenty-six, having been termed an old bachelor, appealed to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called old or not, giving his age. "Twenty-six," said the elderly gentleman, "it's owing to how you take it. Now, for a man it's young enough, but for a goose it is rather old."

A FASHIONABLE lady covered with jewelry and having on a lace bonnet and shawl, complained of the cold, and asked a Quaker what she should do to get warm. "I really don't know," said the Quaker, "unless there should be another breastpin."

"Puh, who is this Nilsson we hear so much spoken about in the newspapers?" "Don't you know, Mike? Why, it's that bold sea-dog, Nilsson, that fit the battle of the Nile, to be sure."

CRANES PRACTITIONER.—A priest of Tombs has just published a curious work with the title, "Birds of the World in 1821," from which we extract this passage:—

"The world will come to an end in the year 1821, never months, thirteen days, three minutes. Thirty-one seconds, plus thirteen minutes the sixtieth part of a second, after the creation of Adam; which means in the month of July, thirtieth day, at three minutes 31 13-11 of a second past seven o'clock in the morning of the year 1821 of the Christian era."

A poor lady having called out an ugly question to some with her, was answered at her insistence, and believing that she had rebuked him from the seat of her superiority. "Bless me, said the lady, my husband commands me to be as much a portion of world and give him some for jealousy."

CHICAGO.

Blackened and blotted, broken and mended, On the chequered flag of the world, Lies she who stands but yesterday alone.

Queen of the West! by some madman taught To kill the glory of Andalusia's court, Then lies the soul that all that world wrought.

Like her own praises by some chance now gone, Like her own praises in one brief day given, Like her own praises in one three night more,

She lifts her voice, and in her pleading call We hear the cry of Macbeth in Pest— The cry for help that makes her like to oil.

But happy with woe! Sings any one fast, The silver cup left in the professed mood, The gifts her friendship and her love reveal.

—BRET HARTE.

TWIXT EARTH AND SKY

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Giles White was not one of those conventional historians and trappers which abound so plentifully in a certain class of light literature. He was a hunter and trapper of wild animals, but he was not ignorant of everything besides his trade. Although living in the depth of a forest, remote from civilization, he was not uneducated.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 2.

THE MYSTERIOUS BORERIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

In the Summer of '18—a party of us stood on the deck of the good Atlantic, bound for California. The gold fever was at its height. The epidemic had seized us, leaving wasted upon us, vials, could not be broken up, and finally we were being carried off with it. Still the sight of tear-wet faces of the passengers, who had been up all night, and the pale faces of the sailors could not fail to move us.

We were a varied company. Hundreds on board the Atlantic were bound for the same goal. Broken down merchants, countrymen, gigantic lumbermen from the back woods of Maine, lawyers, doctors and dandies—no class was exempt from this yellow fever.

Every one was flushed, and more or less exhausted, but sterner or less so. The crew of the board before we had reached Cape Horn, you may know, and when we were glad enough to get to our journey's end, and stand once more on terra firma.

Among our gang was a rough, good-humored fellow, named Daniel Long, from Maine. He stood six feet in his stockings, was loosely put together, but his joints were elastic, and his muscles like steel. Another squad had come on board at New York, of more stylish make and polished manners, made him the target of considerable sharp witicism.

"You will have an advantage over the rest of us, Daniel. You can crane your neck and prospect the foot-hills of the Sierras without stretching a muscle."

"Which will be lucky for our party," said Dole, "and Daniel nodded, and snuck away, taking their jokes with the utmost good nature.

Once in the land of promises, our party fitted for the expedition with pangs, picks, cross-bars, drills and so forth. We united our interest and funds, and purchased two pack mules at exorbitant prices. We kept pangs on to these vivacious animals as long as we could find a place to fasten a pan or wash-bowl to.

Then attempting to weigh anchor, we found our vessels not obdient to the helm, and carrying too much ballast. The steamer prepared to cudgel them. Dole interfered, with his hat hanging on the back of his head, and wearing his thumbs thrust under his suspenders.

"Moral suasion—moral suasion," expostulated he, jerking his thumbs from their roost, and readjusting the creatures' accoutrements, one of the mules, meantime, smiling at him in a manner that exhibited all her teeth, and started the sweat upon the would-be driver's face.

"Come now, muleta," persuaded Dole, but she would not move on.

"I shall have to mount and persuade in that manner," affirmed he, and suiting the action to the word, he flashed his sharp sight upon the heterogeneous mass already balanced over the animal's spine.

"Now, muleta, get up." Dole, with great force and lucidness.

"Impossible!" and each one of the boys was on his feet with an explosive ejaculation.

Five minutes search convinced us that he was right. Every pough was emptied of the yellow dust.

"It is the devil, or it isn't," remarked Dole, with great force and lucidness.

We looked about us. Who could have done it? Our whole party was present, and as if the same thought had entered all minds at once, every man, one after the other, striped and turned his pockets inside out to convince all present that he was free of the charge.

Stebbins and Felix went down to the camp of the Oregonians. They, to all appearance, were as much startled as ourselves.

"Some of that pig-tailed population yonder," jerked out a rough old fellow, pointing toward the foreign miners.

They told us the remark, and Dole wished them to clean them out.

But the question was, how did they get in over so many sleeping men?

We could not answer that. The only thing which we did know was that more than half the results of six months' hard labor was gone. The effect upon Long Dan was pitiful.

He could not eat nor sleep.

"But, Dan," said Dole, his voice full of pity, "if you are going to take it this way you'll never be Main again. We shall have to sing the tune, 'try, try again.' The half-mad, half-humorous advice hit the mark.

"You are right, Dole," said Long, and he was himself again.

We posted guards after that. Two of us each night, rain or shine, were to keep guard until the remainder of the heavy dust was clean, and started for San Francisco. One perched upon the boulders above, one on the plateau below, half an hour's walk from the camp.

They could not complain of their welcome. Dole immediately resumed his peg, cut a few more slices from our lean larder, and invited them to tarry and help stow away the wagons.

"We'll drive on," I said, "and walk."

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"It cannot possibly be anything less than the foul fiend himself," said one and all.

It hit us all pretty hard, but no one was there with a visible effect as upon Daniel Long. He was completely unmoved. Had not had faith in his religion I should have feared suicide, so terribly was he depressed.

We brought the trappers up to hunt for a trail, yet Felix and myself, who had stood guard through the night, would take oath that no human being was near the camp after bed-time.

They found no trail around the camp, neither did we expect they would. We knew not what to say, nor what to think.

Near sunset Dan went off by himself—one to give out his emotions unobserved?

Between the two opinions I hesitated to follow him, but as dark approached my fears got the better of other reasons, and I soon



Boys, in Ant—“I say, what's the time, boy, is it twelve yet?”
Sister Boy—“It can't be mo-o-ore.”
Fifer Boy—“What d'you mean? is it one yet?”
Brother Boy—“It can't be less.”
Fifer Boy—“H'm—then we'll want a food down at the tavern, you'd better go for the situation.”
Sister Boy—“Oh! be you givin' to leave, then?”

nous emptied excepting Stebbins, who, luckily, had his attached to his body by a belt.

“A clean thing, I swear,” ejaculated Dole, fastening his empty wallet with one or two hearty slaps.

“As true as the deuce nobody can claim any partiality but Stebbins.”

Stebbins looked confused, but soon explained the reason.

“Gross I'll be on the square with you by the time winter provisions are laid in.”

We were asthast, for we remembered that in a few days we were to go to the station forty miles away for supplies for the rainy season.

Stebbins understood our speechless attitude.

“Never mind, boys; luckily I can empty my pouch for the good of the commonwealth.”

“Three cheers for Richard Stebbins,” pronounced Dole.

We gave it with gusto.

“And that somebody proposed setting a watch.” It was met with roars of laughter.

“That's a joke,” said long Dan, for so they had named his name, “if you'll just tell us who he is.” We were asthast in this regard.

“I give you my word, boys,” he said, “I'll give you a night's rest.”

“Not to-night. They will be astir.”

I motioned Dan away from the spot.

“What do you think?” he asked.

“We are close upon the cave that conceals the robbers.”

He sprang back as if charged with electricity, while vague possibilities ran through his mind.

“What are we to do?”

“We had better post a watch here—but they will not venture out in the night, for they know that we are astir. In the morning we can look up their place of entrance, and be ready for them—what do you say?”

“All right! I will remain while you go up and tell the boys.”

ed along a rocky shelf that overlooked the ravine and our hunting ground. About fifty paces below me, in a contrary direction from that where we had descended, I discovered a figure whose Hebrews proper name told me it was Dan. He had evidently brought a glimpse of my figure against the sky and began gazing furiously. Glancing down into his countenance kept me silent, and I hurried up to meet me, and his naked feet and wild appearance gave me the impression that his mind was unbalanced.

“What is it, Dan?”

“Do you believe in the supernatural, Carnes?”

“Come away, you are a little upset and fatigued.”

“No,” he answered, shortly. “I know what you all think, but this was real. Pull off your boots and come with me.”

Not knowing what to do, I followed